

Hoed his row? His life is past,  
His sweetest moments were his last;  
He never sought for praise or fame,  
But children's children bless his name;  
Over his grave sweet breezes blow,  
The faithful farmer has hoed his row.  
—*Kansas City Journal.*

the next morning, nor did he need much urging from Mrs. Glentworth to induce him to send for his luggage. And she was busy thinking how well

complete the game, looked on with grim delight.

What a wondrous August that was. What dreamy, hazy weather; what

The long night was spent in agonized self-upbraidings, and, when Mrs. Glentworth went to summon him in the morning, the gay, debonair youth had

fact." "No, I haven't." "It is a fact." "What kind of birds are they selling there?" "Swallows." Then the man with the gag runs.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

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Special attention given to Probate Busi-  
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